The Mere Whom Republicans are Asked

Whatever may be said of American achievements in other fields of literature, no one will care to dispute our preëminent fertility and ingenuity in the production of cam paign biographies. We invented the thing, and we alone comprehend its clastic methods and measureless possibilities; and thus, although beginning to find imitators in other countries, their performances seem weak and tame beside the splendid masterpleces of our political fiction. In the electoral contest, for instance, which took place last spring in the United Kingdom, some creditable work was done by certain intrepld knights of the pen, who put forth divers pleasing and effective documents under the name of "Lives" of the respective candidates for the post of Prime Minister. The authors of these profusions exhibited judicious reticence and a rare dexterity in the recital and arrangement of facts, which undoubtedly attested the sincerity of their purpose; but they were cramped and trammelled by a fatal misconception of the thing they tried to do. They seem to have been haunted by a notion that a campaign biography should contain in solution a quantum of truth and fact, and that the circumfluent errors of omission or fabrication should be so artfully colored as to present at least the semblance of probability. It is plain, too, that they did not merely aim at regaling an audience of blind and headlong partisans ludierously unacquainted with current history, but that they indulged the hope of making a few converts among well-instructed and independent minds. In other words, these disciples of an American idea, with the clumsiness and obtuseness characteristic of Britons. missed its fundamental principle, and produced a wretched parody of the genuine article. We beg to assure them that a campaign biography is not a timid compilation of dry facts, but s heroic flight of the discursive imagina-From an artistic point of view it is now classed by experts, not with the history or nemoir, but with the epic poem. Animated by this high conception of his calling the Yankee rhapsodist lifts his glance above the cold and naked outlines of parrative, gives free vein to his warm fancy, and chants, in alternate strains of legend and prophecy, the exploits and destiny of his apocryphal hero. Such is the rearkable type of literary composition which has been evolved by the strenuous and disinterested efforts of campaign biographers during the past quarter of a century, and we are proud to claim it as distinctively American. We commend it to the study of Englishmen of letters. and we are happy to point out a most precious example of this form of fletion in the Life of James A. Garfield, by " EDMUND KIRKE" (Harpers). We believe that no unprejudiced eye can sean this work without recognizing its transcendent poetioni quality, or without a prompt admission that no largess of the cus tomary kind can filly recompense the author of this gushing outburst.

sung in fragments, and that the ambulatory bards of ancient Greece, with a keen eye to effect, adjusted their outpourings to ethnical and local prejudice; for this reason, among others, that a minstral might starve to death who should sing the deeds of Atreus's son in Phessaly, or should venture to extol Pelides in the latitude of Argos. In like manner Mr. J. R. Gilmore (who, like other minstreis, plies his romantic craft under a pseudonym) has addressed himself exclusively to Republican ears, conscious that his strains might fail to wake the desired emotion in a Democratic un. Under different political circumstances it is probable that he would have chosen another theme and sung in a different key, although he assures us in his proem, after the manner of pards, that his utterance is bird-like, unpurchased, spontaneous. It is only fair, however, totake him at his word, and we may lose nothing by inspecting an elaborate work of art from the creator's point of view, and in a sympathetic spirit. In the effort, therefore, to disclose the extraordinary difficulties of the poet's task or occasion and the admirable skill with which he has surmounted them, we must turn away for an instant from our Democratic readers and commune in spirit with our Republi can subscribers, for whom Mr. Gilmore's composition is manifestly meant. To that fraction of our audience, we would say at the outset that they are under weighty obligations to the author of this work, which, viewed as a product of the poetic faculty, in a case where the to be taxed and strained must be pronounced

It is well known that the Homeric lays were

utmost energies of the imagination were surunparagoned in the rich catalogue of American campaign literature. The obstacles which Mr. Gilmore has happily overcome were, as we have hinted, of a complicated and awkward nature, and seem to have been encountered in the first strophes of his poem, and actually before the birth of his gauge the powers of the Massachusetts stateshero. Like his prototypes, Homer and Ossian, our Yankee rhapsodist has to cope, at an early stage of his narrative, with genealogical details, some of which might prove rude stumbling blocks to a less accomplished craftsman. The problem forced upon him by the conditions of the campaign was no other than to demonstrate | thoughtful speakers effective, but his manner that the subject of his song was born in two or more localities and of at least three different sets of parents. The German vote in Ohio is known to constitute a factor of so much weight that a Teutonia origin was in a high degree desirable; while, on the other hand, the native Americans of the Western Reserve might not brook too sharp an emphasis on such allen descent, and at the same time the Irish Catholic element of Cincinnati clearly called for conciliation. Such were the hard conditions of an unparalleled quandary from which Mr. Garffeld's laureate contrives to extricate himself with delightful ingenuity. The first Carfield, we are told, who tried to earn a living in this country came." from the border of Wales," whence it is obviously impossible at this distance of time to decide whether he was of Celtic or of Saxon race. The minstrel goes on to sing that according to a "tradition" of the family the great original Garfield married a German woman on his passage out to this country, which, it is submitted, "accounts for the decided German cast of countenance and strong love for the German race and literature which distinguish Gen. Garfield." Thus does this skilled manipulator of legend manage to kill three birds with one stone, although the credit of his narrative is slightly weakened by an inadvertent admission that there are no means extant of connectthe primeval Garfield of Teutonic proclivities with the great-grandfather of our hero. About this historic grandsire, with whom the tale considered as a mine of authentic material must be held to begin, the anxious chron icler has rescued from oblivion no scrap of information beyond the fact that he removed from the town of Weston in Massachusetts, and carved out a home in the almost unbroken wilderness" of Otsego County, New York, A grandson of this mysterious pioneer was christened Abram Garfield, and in the fulness of time begat the subject of the present epic. Our curiosity regarding the mental and likewise the moral qualities of the elder Abram is naturally lively, but, with a wise husbandry of his inventive resources, the author passes lightly over this portion of his theme. With eandor he concedes that the parent of his hero failed to "exhibit any marked superiority over

The capacious intellect of the juvenile James is said to have been awakened at a surprisingly early stage of his career, a phenomenon only comparable with the case of John Stuart Mill, who is said to have read Greek at the immature | At Williams, we are told, Mr. Garfield bore off

the other young farmers of the neighborhood;

but it is adroitly hinted that in his large brain

may have "slept" the undeveloped force

which in more favorable circumstances

To this hypothetical statesman, whom the

amount of latent abilities, was "born on the

field, the future President (?) of the United

cruel tribulations compose the burden of this

reader is willing enough to credit with any

19th of November, 1831, James Abram Gar-

States," whose inimitable performances

poetic parrative.

might have made him a leader among men.

age of four. The Republican candidate, it seems, was "a mere scrap of a boy, not five years old " when one day he came across in a little poem something about "the rain patter ing on the roof," "Why, mother," he shouted "Why, mother," he shouted, I have heard the rain do that myself." and then, cries the narrator of this piquant anecdote, it " broke all at once" upon the prom ising boy that "words stand for thoughts. Forthwith he set himself to spell out the words" in "The English Reader," which re main, we are assured, in his memory to this day. But the author forgets to note the signal service to be rendered by those same "big words" at more than one irksome crisis of his hero's Congressional career. Another veracious incident in the youth of Abram attests the timely outcropping of his martial propensities. He was trotting to school it seems, when his master, an " awkward, slabsided young man." who yet possessed the gift of prophecy, laid his hand upon the urchin's head and pronounced the memorable words If you learn, my boy, you may grow up yet and be a General," With engaging frankness Mr. Gilmore disarms the cynic by himself sug gesting a doubt whether the boy knew exactly what military honors meant, but he goes on to chronicle young Abram's profoundly significant response: "Oh, yes, sir. I'll learn-I'll be a General." How much of a General this aspiring boy became, and on what a stupendous scale his warlike exploits were performed, are set forth in their due proportions and right emphasis in a later canto of the rhapsody It is preëminently on the moral side that the

boy is father of the man, and accordingly Mr. Gilmero is careful to recount many touching incidents displaying the rare conscientiousness and sturdy probits of the lad. Among thes may be quoted the following anecdote, drawn from the romantic record of the youthful Abram's experience on a canal boat. Two canal boats, it seems, had reached a lock nearly at the same time, and the Captain of Garfield's raft, though in fact a little behind, proposed to take the lock by force. There was something about this design which did not suit the scrupulous James, who, tapping the master of the boat on the shoulder, said, " See here, Captain, does that lock belong to us?" "I really sup pose, according to law, it does not, but we will have it anyhow." "No," returned Jim. will not." "And why not?" asked the Captain in surprise. "Because," replied the noble boy, "it does not belong to us," Is there any civil service reformer, or even any stalwart Republican, who can read this affecting legend without a suffused eye, or without an immutable conviction that such a lad, grown to manhood, would scorn to soil the hem of his whitegarment with Credit Mobilier corruption? Indeed, this impressive story could not have been more apposite to the calumny which charges the exemplary Garfield with a sale of his vote if it had been made to order. It needs in fact, but a change of a word or two in the edifying dialogue just cited to reconstruct in fancy the historic interview between the upright James and his insidious tempter of Credit Mobilier notoriety: "See here, Ames," we can hear him say, "does that 'stock' belong to me?" "I really suppose," rejoins Oakes Ames, "that according to law it does not; but you can have it anyhow." "No," returns Garfield, "I have it anyhow." will not." "And why not?" insists Oaker Ames in some surprise, "Because," replies the blameless Abram, "it does not belong to me. Let it," he adds, inserting the scrip in a waist coat pocket, "let it go as a loan!" At the age of 16, young Garfield quitted the

turbulent canal for what Mr. Gilmore, in s

moment of inadvertence, rashly terms a "better life," and casting about for a new cailing, is represented as propounding the following query to a physician of his acquaintance. When we consider that the youth is depicted as scarcely conversant, at this time, with the rudiments of a common school education, the diction ascribed to him reflects the highest credit on the author's playful fancy. "You are a physician," Abram is reported to have said, "and know the fibre that is in men. Examine me, and tell me, with the utmost frankness, whether I had better take a course of liberal study. am contemplating doing so: my desire is in that direction." In answer to this well-worded request the doctor sounded the lungs, felt the pulse, and tapped the skull of the ambitious James, and dismissed him with the bracing assurance that he had "the brain of a Webs Thus stimulated, the ex-boatman spent three years at some rustic school, which the weaver of this tale chooses to dignify by the title of academy, and finally made shift to enter the "Erlectic Institute," a so-called collegiate seminary, situated at Hiram, in the Western Reserve. In the "Lyceum," as the debating club of this establishment was termed. James A. Garffeld. we are assured, took "a rank for abothers as an orator," and the faculty and pupils, who were, of course, entirely competent to abilities" are "lost" in the general operations man, were in the habit of dubb ng the young Buckeye "a second Webster." At this point of his narrative the author digresses for a moment into a discussion of his subject's maturer cloquence. Mr. Garffeld wants, it is confessed the nervous energy which makes some less is "scholarly," as with his precious opportunities of culture it could hardly fail to be, and his eulogist notes, as a characteristic feature, his extraordinary power of piercing the "conscience" of an audience. It was this pathetic earnestness of speech which was to stand him in good stead in his exciting colleguy with Oakes Ames, and to enlist which in their own behalf on the floor of Congress the promoters of the De Golver pavement enterprise were eager to disburse a round sum in the guise of a retainer. This flavor of austers morality, which invests Mr. Garfield's parliamentary and forensic eloquence with a peculiar unction, is traced in the present work to his early association with the Campbellite fraternity. For the position of preacher in this sect our rhapsodist thinks his "pure character and remarkable abilities" eminently fitted him, and he seems to have kept up the practice of pulpit exhortation during the whole period of his connection with Hiram College, which, under one form or another, continued until the winter of 1861. In view of this fact, over which our author passes with celerity, averring that his hero early intended to enter the legal profession, and never seriously designed to occury the pulpit, it is not surprising that the outside public should have persisted, up to the Credit Mobilier exposures of 1873, in mistaking James A. Garfield for a minister of the Gospel. On the obscure question of his subject's legal accomplishments and earnings Mr. Gilmore dilates in a subsequent portion of his poem.

After a triumphant progress through the arduous curriculum of the Eclectic Institute, he Websterian student entered the junior class of Williams College, at the age of 23. In some beautiful strophes his college life is depicted as perfect, rounded, pure," and the gushing eulogy of the text is confirmed by sundry averments of classmates and professors, whose memories seem quickened to extraordinary liveliness by the electric shock of Mr. Garfield's nomination. One curious omission, however, in the record of his academic career will probably arrest attention. Mr. Gilmore does not state whether at this critical juncture of his hero's life he permitted himself a moderate and discreet indulgence in alcoholic beverages. whether, with affrmness beyond his years, he sternly held himself aloof from the intoxicating cup. The fact is, doubtless, that this interesting question could not be answered without estranging one or another section of Mr. Garfield's fellow citizens. On the one hand we have the edifying precedent set by the total abstinence of Mr. Hayes, who is understood to incarnate in its most saintly form the Ohio type of a Republican statesman. On the other hand. a numerous body of Tautonic electors in the same Commonwealth are charged with an amile weakness for "that good Christian creature, small beer." It was only by an astute reticence that the author of this rhapsody could save his hero from impalement on one or the other horn of this dilemma.

the "metaphysical honor," and the skill in dia lectics which this feat must have involved proved of signal utility at a later epoch of his career in drawing nice distinctions between loan and a bribe. Master of the coveted diplo ma of an Eastern college, the young man now returned to the Western Reserve, and again be came associated with the Eclectic Institute in a tutorial capacity. Being apparently the only man in that locality who had graduated from a New England college, he was, after some years chosen President of that ambitious seminary henceforth dignified by the title of Hiram College. According to our author, Mr. Garfield's reputation as an educator now became world-wide, while his literary productions, of which, unhappily, the world has thus far been deprived, were of a "high order." Mr. Garfield, however, did not lavish the whole of his restless energies on the instruction of the young and he continued to officiate on Sundays in the rôle of Campbellite exhorter. The word, seems, had come to him as it did to Samuel in poyhood, and his previous life had been one long rehearsal for the function of popular preacher. We think no genuine Republican can fail to admire a man who so clearly discov ered his true vocation and consented cheerfully to the gyves of a painful discipline. Honest James had in him the stuff of an orator-he knew that, for the far-sighted doctor above mentioned and his fellow classmates had told him so-and accordingly he suffered no textbook on rhetoric in the library of Hiram College to escape his conscientious search and overlooked no information, accessible in English dictionaries, which might bear on his high design. The history of Demosthenes's struggles against many natural disadvantages rendered that master of oratory especially sympathetic to the Webster of the Western Reserve, and the anecdote about the pebbles, with the precept about gesture being three parts of eloquence, were laid to heart by his disciple. No one who heard him in the pulpit, after his return from Williams, could doubt the value of his studies or of hi austere self-training. Not a few of his audience had wearied, we are told, of the florid diction and eccentric flights of Buckeye genius and found relief in Abram's earnestness and the vehement sincerity which could throw s glamour over trite remarks, or launch a commonplace with the fury of a catapult. It was true that Mr. Garfield was no logician, and perhaps his teachings on analysis might discover a want of pith, but meanwhile they were im parted with such infectious unction that, like the bread pills of astute physicians, they served well enough to purge the patients. From these pulpit ministrations to the function of stump speaker in behalf of the party of great moral ideas the transition was easy and natural, and the political services of the preacher were rewarded by a Republican nomination in 1859 to the Ohio State Senate. He was a member of this body when the civil war broke out, and, like other politicians supposed to possess influence in their counties, was offered the command of a regiment, which, of course, he was expected to raise. It appears that at every important juncture of his career Mr. Garfield had been accustomed to consult the Bible, and to make long and earnest prayers. Whether this course was followed on the eve of the little transaction with Oakes Ames, or prior to his acceptance of a fee in the De Golyer business, is not stated by the author of this rhapsody. But it is certain that our hero observed this exemplary conduct before consenting to embark his ortunes in the war.

Mr. Garfield's connection with the army began in November, 1861, and lasted nominally two years, during six months of which he was absent on sick leave in the North. We are disposed to think Mr. Gilmore's exposition of his subject's military services, on the whole, the most brilliant effort of his fervent imagination. The author's merit, however, can only be appreciated by those familiar with the meagre ness of the material with which he had to deal, When we consider that Mr. Garfield was only intrusted with an independent command for a period of a few weeks, and that the number o men under his control did not, even on paper, exceed 2,500, we shall recognize the difficulty of investing his operations with epical dignity and of firing the popular heart by a recital of his exploits. The single engagement that he fought-that, namely, with Humphrey Marshall -might be viewed by the cynical observer rather in the light of a skirmish than of a battle, and the affair is rendered peculiarly un suited to poetical treatment by the fact that Mr. Garfield was beaten at the moment when reenforcements came up, and that notwithstanding this accession of strength, the Ohio chieftain failed to follow the retreating foe. As to the subsequent achievements of Gen. Garfield, these, according to our narrative, were "merged' we the the giorious career of the Army of the Cumber land, and the "traces of his great military of that force. This explains what otherwise might perplex the reader, namely, the mysteri ous silence of Republican historians touching the remarkable services of Mr. Gilmore's hero. Mr. Greeley, for instance, in his "Conflict." vouchsafes to him only a few lines, and the "Army of the Cumberland" makes only brief and perfunctory aliusions to his presence with that command. To this unlucky dearth of matter must be added the awkward circumstance that upon Garfield's election to Congress in 1863 (an election which we are expected to believe was unsought and spontaneous), his military superiors instead of protesting that they could not spare him, were quite unanimous in urging him to return to civil life. Their persistence on this point seems the more extraordinary because Garfield's qualifications for statesmanship had thus far been attested only by a single term in the Ohio Legislature. It is most impressive to see Mr. Gilmore grapple with this difficulty. In a fine flight of fancy he represents the expreacher and prospective lawyer as putting to Gen. Rosecranz, in the summer of 1863, the question whether "honor and duty" did not require him to remain in the army. The Commanding General, we are told, returned this diplomatic enswer; "The war is not yet over, nor will it be for some time to come. Many questions will arise in Congress which will require not only statesmanlike treatment, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with military effairs; for that reason you will, I think, do as good service to the country in Congress as in the field." It is true a captious critic might turn this counsel round so that it should read as follows: "Many questions will arise in the course of a campaign which require not only military efficiency, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with political affairs; for that reason a statesman would do as good service to the country at the head of an army corps as in the Federal Legislature." In other words, the good Generals ought all to have been in Congress and the "smart" politicians in the field. We will not deny that something might be said for this view, but it would

not be what our author intended to convey. From the moment the Ohio chieftain reaches Washington, the mind of his biographer is beset with a grave preocupation. He is aware of the current impression that Gen, Garfield has never been a regular member of the legal profession, "whence," he natvely explains, "some people suppose that the fee of \$5,000 which was paid him in the De Golyer case was more to securs his influence as a Congressman than his services as a lawyer." The author concedes that while his hero was "admitted to the Ohio bar in 1860," he never had a brief, never argued a cause, and never even had his name emblazoned as attorney and counsellor before he went to Congress. Nevertheless, we are assured that although the subject of this rhapsody escaped "the treadmill route to legal preferment," he is no less a very able lawyer. This assertion is supported by the round but vague and inconclusive statement that some of Mr Garfield's fees for arguments before the United States bench have been "as large as any ever paid to Daniel Webster." The whole country is cognizant of one such fee, although, in that case, the recipient testified under oath that he could not remember to have made any argument, or to have handed up a brief. Our Ro publican readers would be grateful to Mr. Gil-

more if he would or could specify a second , but there are limits within which his inventive powers are circumscribed. Amid all the gush of his enthusiasm he is studious, we observe, to avoid anything like definite averments capable of instant and categorical contradiction. Accordingly, he forgets to designate by the simple process of naming the client or the case any of these alleged honoraria, and even allows it to appear that in the single proceeding before the United States Supreme Court, in which Mr. Garfield is distinctly affirmed to hav

seen engaged, he received no recompense at all, The De Golyer charge Mr. Glimore pro nounces" too futile for labored refutation" in the body of his narrative, and condescends merely to advert to it in an appendix. He passes lightly over the embarrassing fact that Gen. Garfield was at the time Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. With a Roman constancy he persists in affirming that the fee of \$5,000 was paid, not for influence on the above-named committee, but for "legal services," which Mr. Garfield himself and other parties in interest have admitted under oath were never rendered. We admire, too, the firmness with which Mr. Gilmore, relying on the ignorance or forgetfulness of his readers. denies squarely that the De Golyer contract did come, or ever could come, before Mr. Garfield's ommittee. This statement, made in the teeth of the appropriations for paving registered or the Federal statute books, attests the stalwart character of our author's mind, and recalls the Iron assurance of the lamented Senator Chandier, who telegraphed: "Hayes is elected; attend to the returns," at a time when the Ohio candidate and the whole Republican party had given up the fight. On the whole, however, it is no so much effrontery as rhetoric and ideality that are called for in a romance, and it must be admitted that the author of the present work did wisely to relegate the De Golyer scandal to a postscript. An artistic instinct admonished him that no amount of manipulation could smooth it into harmony with the " rounded, perfect, and pure" career it was his purpose to portray. For reasons equally conclusive from an

aesthetic point of view, Mr. Gilmore does not allow the flow of his narrative to be checked by any prolonged discussion of his hero's connec tion with the Credit Mobilier investigation. Such a topic might have jarred upon the sensi tive ear for whose delight he was depicting in sonorous phrase what he is pleased to term the "impact of his subject's mental and moral power upon intelligent and honest minds." He returns, however, to this question with perfunctory air, and settles it in an appendix to his own satisfaction. This he does by vehemently denouncing Oakes Ames, whom he stigmatizes as "a Yankee blacksmith," ignorant, illiterate, and "without a knowledge of the first principles of bookkeeping." It is hinted that before Ames engaged in railroaoperations he had wrongfully converted a rival manufacturer's property to his own possession -an alleged fact which is stated, we are told, to show the sort of man, some of whose acts we are about to take into consideration." After a persistent reiteration of such epithets as "king of spades," "wicked partner," and "rascally Yankee blacksmith," Mr. Gilmore goads himself into ascribing a truly "Satanic" character to Mr. Oakes Ames, who is commonly understood to have borne among his neighbors and in the commercial world a rather enviable reputation for honesty and fair dealing. Our author bemoans the fact that "many men high in position" should have had "their good names befouled simply because they had come in contact with this blacksmith." One of those who came in "contact" with him was James A. Garfield, whose childlike candor and innocence is affectingly contrasted with the diabolical craft of which he was the victim. By introducing the whole of Garfield's pamphiet, and by suppressing Ames's testimony and the report of the Poland committee, Mr. Gilmore manages to leave an impression of uncertainty which perhaps may linger in the mind of uninstructed persons in remote rural districts until after election. Having thus prepared the ground for his final assault, he does not hesitate to charge Ames with downright perjury an accusation which subjects him to no legal penalty, seeing that the man accused is dead. We have heard, how ever, that Oakes Ames had some persona friends in Massachusetts who are yet living. and who may resent the shocking imputation

thus flung broadcast over the whole land.

Throughout his rhapsody Mr. Gilmore displays a graceful inadvertence to such prosaic things as dates, and this habit of his mind is not without utility, when he sinks into a tame; style, and purports to deal with history in his appendices. In his account, for instance, of the Credit Mobilier iniquity, he omits to record the fact that Garfield's sworn testimony before 1873, or just four weeks after Ames's first examination, when the latter strove to shield his confederates, and just a week before the second examination, when Ames, convinced that he was about to be made a scapegoat, produced his famous memorandum book. The dates prove that what Garffeld said on Jan. 14 was uttered in the belief that he might not only prevaricate, but venture on a bold, unequivoca falsehood, with absolute impunity. Accordingly, he swore as follows: "I never owned, received, or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier, or of the Union Pacific Railroad, nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them." This testimony, together with the strangely conflicting evidence of Ames, was considered by the Poland committee (made up. be it remembered, mainly of Republicans) and five weeks later, viz., on Feb. 18, 1873, their report was read. The facts in regard to Mr. Garfield, as found by the committee, were that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did not pay for the same. On this stock Mr. Ames received an 80 percent, dividend in bonds, which bonds he sold at 97 cents on the dollar, and he also received a 60 per cent, cash dividend, which dividends, after deducting the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of \$329. sum," the Poland committee went on to declare was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Garfield then understood this sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock." Commenting on this report, the New York Times of Feb. 20 pointed out that "the committee distinctly rejects the testimony of several of the members This can only be done on the ground that it is untrue. But untrue testimony given under oath is morally, if not legally, perjury." Refering to the same shameful exhibition of bribery and false swearing, the New York Tribune of Feb. 19 declared: "James A. Garfield of Onto had ten shares; never paid a dollar; received \$329. which, after the investigation began, he was anxious to have considered as a loan from Mr. Oakes Ames to himself." The Tribune added: "The wickedness of it all is that these men betrayed the trust of the people, deceived their constituents, and by evasions and falsehoods confessed the transaction to be disgraceful." Now we will leave it to our Republican readers to say whether this is not unpromising material for a campaign biography, and whether they have the heart to find fault with a poor rhapsodiswhose inventive powers, after all, must be used to get his dinner, for gliding over details like hese, in which there is more truth than poetry.

It must now be clear, we think, that we were ustified in bestowing unqualified faudation on Mr. Gilmore's unrrative, considered as a product of the pure imagination. His eloquent work of letion is as much superior to the and compila tion of authentic facts which once passed current for a "memoir" as an epic is a grander thing than a note book or a newspaper. If it fails to meet any practical and quite secondary purpose, if it misses the gross material and of winning votes for its hero, it will be because the age of minstrels and rhapsodists has passed away, and because the acts of men are awayed n our prosaic times by considerations of a lower order. But whatever may be the outcome of this elaborate composition in its bearing on the present canvass, there can be no question of the high place it is destined to occupy in the domain of art. As a prose poem it will chailengs the admiration of the expert, who knows on what a quicksand the structure has been reared, and the frail nature of the materials on

which the artist had to work. Only those, indeed, who can measure the portentous diffi-culties of the task can appreciate the audacity and the technical skill with which Mr. Gilmore has evolved from the unpleasant record of James A. Garfield a veritable masterpied American romance. M. W. H.

Two Canadian Poets.

The Canadians have, for the most part, een content to be a receptive people. Their Governor-General they have gladly received from England; for their literature they have, in a great degree, been dependent on that countr and on the United States; their art comes to them chiefly from Europe, and in the matter o musical composition, they have not enriched the world; but that they have their poets, a little volume fresh from the Toronto press (Hunter, Ross & Co.) makes evident.

The venture, to be sure, is a modest one, the volume is small, and it has taken two to compose it. If they lend each other courage, se much the better. The next time it may be that some other Canadian, stimulated by their example and assured by their safety, will venture out alone upon the great poetic sea and tack and veer among its shoals and breakers without assistance

The title of the little volume is Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets, by Amos HENRY CHANDLER and

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY. That the authors are gentlemen of erudition there is abundant evidence. Indeed, they tell the public as much by their dedication alone, which they have thrown into terse and elegant Latin: Librum suum dedicant cives duo Civi Goldwin Smith strenuo libertatis vindicatori." The compliment is a well-deserved one, but it is sad to observe what an unyielding name that of Smith is, and how far it goes to take the resonance out of even the noble Roman tongue. On this account it would have been more discreet at the expense of crudition to have held to the vernacular, for Smith among a num ber of congenial English words does not have that baid and piebeian character that it possesses when it starts up in the midst of the massiv phrases of a dead language.

Another evidence, and even a stronger one, of the erudition of the authors, however, is to be found in the fact that certain of the poems are in Latin. It is true that there is a suspicion about these, as of college exercises and examination papers, which is not diminished by the fact that they are stated to "have been honored with a place in Kottabos, the serial representing the University of Dublin." There are those perhaps who will not be displeased to see such household favorites as "Hark! the Herald angels sing," "Lo! He comes with clouds de-scending," "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," and other similar hymns in a Latin dress. But for ourselves, we fall to see the gain. These Latin versions are from the pen of Mr. Mulvany, and they certainly are a very sudden and violent change from some of his preceding

It is by no means always fair to a post guess at his life from any supposed revolations that his verses may contain. If it were, we should be led to believe that Mr. Mulvany's early life had been somewhat rapid, and that having satisfied himself of the vanity of all things, he had settled down in a spirit of contrition in his mature days to the contemplation of the beatitudes through the medium of Hymns Ancient and Modern." A good deal of the early portion of his book is given up to the consideration of certain fair but frail beings whom Mr. Mulvany has either met or heard of, or perhaps only conjured up in his imagination. Among these are Cæsar's Poppæa, Swift's Stella, Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and even the much-abused Messalina, for whose vagaries Mr. Mulvany seeks to find some sort of excuse in the force of circumstances,

Some of these verses were written as long ago as 1858, and at that time, to judge from their melancholy tone, Mr. Mulvany must have bee in an unusually low state of mind. Here is one of them bearing that date:

Now thy lips are glowing red. They will show be cold and dead; Strong in passion's pulse to-day. Soon shall it be stilled for aye. All our world of youth and love Weeds must seen grow rank above; And the form we class be known Henceforth in our dreams alone.

Of one frail being called Gracie Mr. Mulvany appears to retain tender but regretful recollections. It is, however, only fair to suppose her simply a creature of imagination. Posts at least are entitled to the benefit of that doubt, and poets who in their later days write Latin hymns are especially entitled to it. As we have said, very many, in fact the most, of Mr. Mulvany poems have women for their subject and profess love in some form. Perhaps this is as fair a specimen of his style as any that could be selected:

GRACIE -- (1870-1875). No. 1.-EAmour qui passe. Stray waifs of perfume yesterday. With art-made scent revailed the prime of sprine, and her, long years away. Who loved one well, when she had time. And I looked back through life's career, Sad-through itself, to that long sam-

The worn-out almanae of the year When we two loved each other so

Once more, as in the years gone by,
I see your little garret room
So near to heaven—I mean the sky!
No swent—with bosson or perfume!
Once more the ballet he ar prodoug,
Hall drowned, like Charence, in champagne,
In which your voice, through many a rong.
To dip her drouping wings was fain!

Fair teet that tred the cui-de-sac,
Where have ve wandered, in what ways?
Bright eves, through tears have ve looked back
Upon those careless, reckless date?
And you or I, what bempts us still?
Are we of those will ways set tain?
The fove that went with the wind's will.
The youth that comes not back again.

Light loves of wasted youth, adien! Vain blossom of the lays that were—
In the school of the lays that were—
And yet the poor deal find rom view?
And yet the poor deal find rom view?
No summer shall with bloom, redisorer,
Those pressed and faded petals more,
And only drawns can sometimes now
That 'Paradise Lout' or youth restore.

No. 2 - Aprile (1875). She is dead, that we laughed with so often.
And all that we thought was so air.
Is a thing shut away in a coll.
Leaving only this tock of gold hair.

She is gone. "requiescat in pace."
A point in which least said is best!
Yet at last little golden haired Gracie.
May your feet, that have strayed, be at rest! Can we grieve for her, think with regretting, Or thatlife not of heart nor of brain. With its immovent truck of connecting. And its triffing tendresse for champagne !

She leaves, to buy back our affection, Only the gold of her nair! Dead flower! But what spring's resurrection Shall show as another as fair? So much for Mr. Mulvany's share of the book That of Mr. Chandler of New Brunswick is in quite a different and a lower tone. A sadder

poet never sang. For him there is no soft remembrance of Gracie and Lelia, of Eveleen and Laura. Over his harp hangs the cypress and its strains are in the minor key. One wail of grief runs through his verses, and death is the burden of his constant song. The first of his sonnets is entitled "In Memoriam." and it chants the requiem of Lieut.-Gov. Chandler of New Brunswick, Obiit Feb

1880." The fourth is to Clars, and begins: So thred and so wears. Oh! my that, from this min home to them eternal rest. The with the done. I family kees the red. This disorting head short my sexteur's breast I fain would lead and Join the ransomed bless.

, 1880. Then follows "Ireland's Famine of

have desired. We fear that Messrs. Mulvany and Chandler have never quite shaken off the traditions of their Dublin University career, or elt the impetus of the new Canadian civilization Mr. Mulvany is too reminiscent, and Mr. Chandier is too sepulchral. Both of them have written precisely such poems as have been written a thousand times before. The same old theme and the same old methods of treatment and the same trite reflections upon life, love, death, and immortality. Evidently Canada has still to wait for a poet who shall bring laurels and renown to the province and write his name on the blank spaces of the great roll of fame.

Selentifie Billiards

Billiards is a wholesome game, and it is one that probably enjoys its highest and best development in the United States. With us the billiard table is a not uncommon article of domestic furniture, and if the prosperity of the large and gorgeously decorated public rooms has decreased, it is because people have learned to play billiards at home, and have accorded to the game a higher recognition than it enjoyed some years ago, when it was in a great measure held to be a form of gambling. In Great Britain the game has not materially improved, and English tables are for the most past given over to pool, which is gambling pure and simple. Club billiards abroad is almost invariably a sort of indifferent excuse for betting. The billiard tables of country houses are used for pool after dinner and on wet days and one sees but little billiards that is played for the love of the game itself. An Englishman at the billiard table is betting his half crowns or his sovereigns, and has no sense of pride in the game or of respect for it, such as he exhibits when he is holding a cricket bat at

In principle and motive the game is everywhere the same, and there is a certain intimat relation to be traced between the intellectual standard of a people and the kind of billiards that people are addicted to. There are various results attainable by knocking ivory spheres about on a green cloth, and always a certain pleasurable sense to be derived from the case smoothness, and grace of the movement that is imparted to them with the cue. Different people are differently affected thereby, and the possibilities of the table are converted to strangely different uses. In some parts o Europe the rudimentary six-pocket table and the pocketless table of science are both subjected to grave abuses. The forms of the game are futile and stlly; there is no thoughtful effort implied, and the object sought to be attained is an intricate and involved method of getting into and keeping out of pockets or corners while half a dozen or more persons participate, banging the balls about with prodigious zeal, and endeavoring to make as much noise as possible

Lord's or the Oval.

Good billiards is like chess, with fine physical training added to the accomplishment of the moves. Except in France, and there only to a limited degree, it is not so esteemed abroad. For the most part Frenchmen play a noisy, clever game, delighting more in brilliant execution of individual shots than in the prameditation and thoughtfulness that impart to the game its deepest interest. There are very lew Vignauxs in France. The billiards of England is a stupid game played with small-tipped cues upon six-pocket tables, and consisting of losing and winning hazards and an occasional carrom which they call a cannon. A losing hazard is made by so striking the object ball that the cue ball is made to glance off it into one of the pockets which gape from each corner of the table and from the middle of each of the long rails. The winning hazard is made by pocketing the object ball. Carroms are resorted to us expedients to get the balls in good shape for the pocket business. English genius has wrestled with this game unsuccessfully ever since India rubber was discovered and applied to billiard cushions. It has produced a Roberts and one or two other champions who have done thrilling spot shots, but the game has never de veloped anything really noteworthy. There are, however, indications that there is some future for it even in England. Carrom tables are gradually being introduced, and, in spite of the intense conservatism of the nation, it is not impossible that one may yet see Englishmen playing a decent game of American billiardsthree balls on a table without pockets, push shot and crotch barred; the same game that we play now, and which we miscall, by courtesy, the French game. There is reciprocity in the matter, for cricket is a better game than base ball, and we are already rapidly becoming ericketers.

We call it the French game because the French people were the first to abjure pockets; but it is only of late years that we have acquired a knowledge of as well as an interest in its thetic possibilities. Fifteen years ago the game was as much deprayed here as anywhere else in the world. History must be made. The largest billiard room in New York fifteen years ago had but one carrom table in it, and that was given over to what was thought to be billiard nonsense. Old players sneered at the young men of the new dispensation; and when they saw them holding their cues perpendicularly in certain emergencies of the game, they abused them as reckiess destroyers of the cloth. At that time a run of 100 at the three-ball rame was considered marvellous, whereas now Vignaux, Slosson, Sexton, Schnefer, and dozens more think nothing of it. The old twelve feet by six tables, the six pockets, cut so that they were much easier to get into than the English pockets with their round, bevelled edges, the four balls, and all the confusion and coarseness of the game gradually disappeared. The pockets were cut down to four, the size of the table was reduced to ten by five, one red ball was dropped, and finally scientific billiards ensued. The game in America has gone through a great deal, and the period of its probation has been tedious and painful. In the West it is still for the most part unregenerate, and even to this day in San Francisco they play pin pool in rooms of lavish splendor. There is no depth lower than that of pin pool, and that \$50,000 should be expended on the decorations. of a room in which such a practice prevails is a sad commentary upon the morals and defielent cultivation of the community.

In the higher billiards, with which we are at present concerned, there are distinctions, not merely of style, but of practice. There is the play that betrays instinct and that which rereals reason. Of two great billiard players, one will show marvellous dexterity and brilliancy of execution, great ingenuity, and the cunning of hand that practice confers. Another will not shine equally in these qualities, but his game will be marked by far-sightedness, by an execution that looks not merely to the accomplishment of a pretty or fautastic or effective shot, but that implies thoughtful and logical anticipation. Such a player does his work out of his reasoning faculty, has a why and wherefore for his procedure, and bases his game upon a fixed principle. For him the stroke of the moment has a definite relation, not only to the one that is to immediately So tired and so wears. Oh; my dod, then take me boune to themeetre mairest. They wish be done. I foundly kies the red This discount had upon my exactor's breast I fain would lean and join the ransomed blest. The fifth somet is again." In Memoriam: "Come enter, and with alow and solemn used Approach his bird. As.

The seventh, also "In Memoriam to A. H.;"

The seventh also "In Memoriam to A. H.;"

With the first blossoms of the antism tide with they for the grant of the three-bank game and its bloss of the control of the three-bank game and its bloss of the antism tide with the peach Song of Outhals." The Death Song of Outhals. "The Death Song of Outhals." The Death Song of Outhals." The Death Song of Outhals." The Death Song of Outhals. "The Death Song of Chi-wee Moo." A sonnet, centiled." Baby Clara, "encourages the reader's hope that at last there is to be some "surecease of the colors of the Control of the Cont ensue, but to the next two, or even three. He

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION. The Gradual Depopulation of Ireland-Over 60,000 Expected Before Snow Fall. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The

tide of immigration rushes in with unceasing rapidity. Its magnitude is hardly yet realized The sufferings of the people who remain is Ireland have diverted attention from those who are flying to a happier land. You cannot take up an Irish paper without coming across de-scriptions of the emigrants' farewell, the wallings of those who are going and of those who are staying behind, and the frenzied rushes in the railway carriages. In the seaports there a a glut of emigrants. At Queenstown the ledg. ing house keepers are so overburdened with business that they charge even for standing room during the night. For a considerable time, three of the Transatlantic steamship companies stopped booking passengers, every berth being preengaged for months. Nine thousand nine hundred and fifty emigrants left that port alone during April, and the stream is now in full flow at the rate of 3,000 per week, Nine steamers are engaged in the weekly say. vice. And this is only one of the outlets, The rush to Londonderry is proportionately

great. In Dublin itself, which used to be considered outside the regular track of the American-bound emigrant, the fever for emigration has manifested itself in so marked a degree as to have encouraged a steamship company to start a line direct from that port. In the middie of May the number of persons leaving the North Wall for Liverpool to take passage for the United States was unparalleled, The Dublin Steam Packet Company, which does the most of the cross-channel traffic, have been for the past four months conveying a average of seven hundred emigrants weekly. The company runs daily steamers. All agree that the distress at home and the reports of reviving prosperity here are producing an emigration fever that promises to be almost as intense as that which followed the great famina It is notoworthy, also, that although the emigrants are recruited from every part of the country, they do not come in large numbers from the most distressed districts of the west The miserable peasantry are bereft even of the means to fly. The emigrants are mostly from the better class of the agricultural population They are dismayed at the prospect of Irah farming, and while they have anything left are taking their capital and their energies to a more

hoveful field. The following shows the number of immigrants who have landed at Castle Garden this

7.644 June 21.664 July to 28th 45,578 It is estimated that about 60,000 of this num per are Irish. Probably it will reach 100,000; the year, against 22,624 in the year 1879. The largest emigration from Ireland was in the

years following the famine of 1849-59-51 that of 1849 being 112 391; 1850, 117,638; and 185 163.366. Emigration in those years was a fluct of a multitude of people, hardly knowing whither they were going, and without the instead perparanged purpose, setting on the spoton water trey attent. Tressifron the rural districts of freamd they found their way and those haunts of misery and view where the social analaties of American society combined with all the stimulating influences of city life, were fermenting. Being poor and ignorant and never remarkable for self-control, they swelled the annals of pauperism and crime to the injury of the country and of their own national character.

The present emigration is of a far different stump. It will not seap suidently into huge proportions and then dwin the down like the familiation. It is strong soil steady and will be continuous and increasing. The iomigrants landing at Costle Gurden this spring are mainly found. West, They have not come on the nappy-go-sucky principle. Before starting ther have sequired all possible information about their settling point, carefully prevised their uture, and in almost every instances brough with them sufficient means to make a star. Such men can hardly fail to succeed.

From one of such immistrants I have just received a letter from Breekingder, Minn, He probably had \$400 ou going there hast year. He is already independent. He writes:

You ask me a tew questions to the contents and the contents. 163,306. Emigration in those years was

is already independent. He writes:
You ask me a lew questions touchine our countries in this country. This is a new place. It has been self-declinate than four years. Bother that time it should indicate that the property is thanked by Indians and will be ask. Considerate is short lite, I must a prosecrous place. This comparation are principally Germans, Swide, See miss, sensitin vians, and a few Irish. But this yet we are leavening. Two years ago, within a radius of a mile, including this towe, there were not over 200 people. Now there are \$1900 a few poor, so I homesteels, and are all doing well.

I know a lew Irish families who had not over 200 in years ago, when a read to have years ago, it is not not over 200 in years ago, the leavening the countries that the certain because he has no rent or take a head to each rich leavening than her rent or take a ind not over \$200 pm; east \$2,000 Every mas

The term of the second of the

It is this class of immigrants and the misgiour at the Irishiven among the heterogeneal
population of the West, which will give sheat
to the race, went them from their national
errors and peculiarities, and exolt then
sommity and morally. We should be sent
to say anything adverse to Bisnop Irland's Minneson astliction, which is
near St. Paul. It certainly has the sivantage of giving the Irish immigrant the sisimple of the ani netters, and the right to Sijoy all that his sweat earns but otherwise I at
the meet trans erol a Mayo village to Minneson—the transing of a miniature Ireand into
wilderness. The assimilation of this elemeninto the only pointe must be slow and difficult
Generations may die belore it can be essentially modified or improved. When he assibatch of Minnesota immigrants, culied from
Connemara by the generous exertions of
Father Nagent of Liverpool, were leaving Siway for New York, Yoar General Dooler, a most worthy and distinguished elergymaurach them to speak the Irish language internew homes. This is paste and sectionals.
It is all well enough for literary mento calvate the Irish language internew homes. This is paste and sectionals
It is all well enough for literary mento calvate the Irish language internew homes. This is paste and sectionals
the conduct of their business, and shuttersolves out from communication with hepsolves out from communication at historsolves out from communication at historsolves out from communication at historsolves out from communication and hardmark? In many pertions of Concernate for a three documents and success the section of the mation, of which they seek toes
out? In many pertions of Concernate for a three documents and adverse and all all which the west lot to the confidence of the mation, of which they seek toes
out? In many pertions of Concernate for a It is this class of immigrants, and the mispart? In many pertions of Concernate for which these Minnesota manigrants have come they do not speak the I is a language of all. If would be well for the confert, happines, and material advantage of mankind if there as but one language, and if the world was sold huge tower of Babel. An Old Observa-

ELDER HOWELL'S HORSEWHIF. Some Curbous Reflections Concerning a So cent Event on Long Island.

From the Hour. Walter Howell, a resident of Bellott Long Island, an eider of the President Church, and a men 67 years old was fined to a tew days and for whipping a young sirid it, who was apprenticed to him by the America Female Guardian Soci by and Home for 58 Friendless in East Thirtieth street. The gib Friendless in East Phirtleth street. That been insuterdinate, and nat rul from her home. Mr. Howell found her her her her her up it has been and he saverely with a wine, cauting into the filter bare arms, in all his "discipline was runted by two tasks who were a racted spot by the chairs arms of Marintal Park and the street with a wine and the special production of the saverely and marintal ties of the saverely saverely sales. part by public money, under ake to control religious convictions of their wards and that girs 15 years old, when under industures, have no more rights or freedom than a horse or a lock